

# The Orangeburg Democrat.

Vol. I.

ORANGEBURG, S. C., FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1879.

No. 24.

Job Printing

## A JERSEY MIXTURE.

THE COLONY OF BLACK AND WHITE PEOPLE AT FLEMINGTON.

Now that the recent decision of Judge Hughes, of Virginia, in regard to the constitutionality of the marriage of a colored man to a white woman in that State, is attracting so much attention, a short account of a region up here in these Middle States, and in this Democratic New Jersey, and in one of its strongest Democratic counties, where the two colors marry and intermingle, may not be uninteresting. There lies between the counties of Mercer and Hunterdon a long range of hills, extending from near Lambertville in one direction down into the edge of Somerset County in the other. There is a dispute as to the spelling of its name. Some call it the Somerset Mountain, because a man by the name of Somer was the first settler. Others call it the Sourland Mountain, from the peculiar quality of the soil. The former seems the more authentic. It is inhabited, at either, by a number of honest, frugal, industrious farmers.

The central region is composed of dense woods and thick underbrush, and contains a small settlement, whose inhabitants, from the commingling of the white and black blood, may be properly styled a mongrel class of people. Just when this unnatural method of life began is hard to ascertain, but the facts seem to indicate that a number of years back many of the colored women from the mountains went over to Princeton to take in washing and to act as servants in various parts of the town. There the promiscuous association seems to have commenced, and as from time to time those women returned to the centre of the Somerset a population of intermingled color sprang up. As the years went by, and the children became the men and women of the next generation, some married into the white race, some into the colored.

There were instances, and it is said a few yet remain, where a colored boy would be employed by a white farmer living in the vicinity, and when he attained manhood would marry into his employer's family. Devoid of any religious privilege, their life soon became a wild, reckless one. The accounts of the crimes perpetrated by these mountaineers would fill several columns, as they already occupy many pages of the court records here. Murders were not infrequent, and many of the assassins and instigators have never been discovered. It was only last December that the Times gave daily reports of the trial of Benjamin Peterson for the murder of Peter Nixon on this very mountain. Whatever these people may have lacked of books and civilization, they had plenty of liquor, and this was the cause of a number of their illegal acts. Scattered all over this portion of the mountain, from the little grocery near Wertsville, on this side, to Aunt Polly Snooks', on the Princeton side, were erected small dens where liquor was sold. The people had a custom of organizing what they styled "pic-nics," but which were in reality nothing less than a species of horrible orgies. At these times the most lawless and immoral deeds were done, so that soon the whole adjacent county became afraid of the residents of that district.

A large portion of this thoroughly bad life is now done away with. The mountain has been made more and more accessible of late years, and as the people of the woods have met and traded outside, they have acquired several of the phases of civilized existence. Some of the changes for the better are due to the earnest efforts of several prominent men, regardless of sect, who obtained subscriptions and employed an able and energetic man to act as a missionary among these people. A chapel was built, and this man is now teaching them and preaching to them. The Methodists at Rock Mill also, for a number of years, have carried on active work in the same direction. Some very curious sights greet one in a tour among these people. Here, back from the road several hundred feet, enveloped in a complete mass of trees, will be one of these huts; a man, black as the blackest, will greet you at the door, while his wife, probably white, will stand at his elbow.

About the door and in the cleared patch in front of the house, are a group of children, shading from the very black to the white. All seem happy and contented. Generally they are talkative; will tell of their rough life and of the crimes committed, or purported to have been committed, in the neighborhood. The inter-marriages among many of them seem the only reprehensible feature. They are mostly honest. While in years gone by the farmers below missed chickens and fruit, and sometimes horses, nowadays few such depredations are heard of. Now and then a barn is burned, and the authors of the mischief are traced to the center of the mountains, but the fastening in jail seems to cure the malady.

Two things still continue, the intermarrying and the rum huts. A few of these latter nuisances have been closed, but a large proportion still remain. The marrying seems to continue until a new sentiment springs up among the population, or the law steps in. There is no statute in this State against such a union as there is in Virginia. So many are bound by filial ties to the old ways, and are so perfectly contented as they are, that the innovation would be uncomfortable if not distressing. A large portion of the voters among these people have not very largely availed themselves of the opportunity. An attempt was made some time back by airing of politicians to control the vote. The effort was partially successful, and might have assumed more gigantic proportions had not the softening and elevating influences now at work preventing this. In time, undoubtedly, they will exercise their right of suffrage with discretion, and be less subject to bribery.—*New York Times.*

## The Fatal Glass.

Mr. Chica, of Lensburg, Le Sueur county, Minn., got on a spree last week at Montgomery, and offered a wager that he could swallow the glass contained in a whiskey flask. The wager was taken up by one of the party present, and whereupon the drunken man proceeded to swallow the pulverized glass, and also a tallow candle. Strange to relate, that night he felt no ill effects caused by the rash deed, but next day the glass began to cut and grind his bowels, compelling the man to writhe and scream in agony. This continued two or three days, when the poor wretch was brought to New Prague in the delusive hope that a physician could save him inevitable and fast approaching death. Of course no physician's skill could now save or even prolong the life which had been so deliberately though unknowingly taken. It was pitiful and heartrending to hear the poor mortal moan and scream in agony as the death dealing glass slowly but constantly cut its way into the vitals. This could not long continue, however, and death kindly relieved the suffering man Thursday afternoon. A post mortem examination was held and the man's stomach and intestines were found to be literally ground to pieces.

A wife and nine children are left dependent by the foolishness of a man crazed by drink. This may prove a timely warning to those addicted to the excessive use of a substance as deadly in effects as that swallowed by the man who came to so untimely an end.

The Philadelphia Bulletin says the Southern negroes produced \$235,298,930 of cotton, sugar, molasses, rice and tobacco last year. Roof fellows, remarks the Louisville Courier-Journal, how did they manage to do it under a constant fire from the shot-gun of the terrible Southern planter; the bloody jaws of the blood-hound and the burning of their homes. Is it possible that they produced all this stuff in the wet Southern swamps, while they were driven by the planters?

A handsome young man in Rome was surprised in the street by receiving a sound box on his ear from a pretty young woman whom he had never seen before. Presently she found that she was boxing the wrong man's ears. She blushed and apologized, so successfully that the young man was interested, and resolved to see her again. He came, he saw; she was a shop girl, he loved, and offered to throw in his hand with his heart—and she didn't have him.

## He Heard Too Much.

Some two miles up the river from St. Johnsbury, Vt., is a primitive sort of a little village called "The Centre." Here, not long since, the rustic youth of the vicinity congregated for a dance, "and dance they did," said our informant, "with an unctious unknown to your city bells and beaux." One interesting man, having inebriated himself freely, became fatigued in the course of the evening, and wisely concluded to retire for a short rest.

A door ajar near the dancing hall revealed invitingly a glimpse of a comfortable bed, of which he took possession with the prospect of an undisturbed "snooze."

It happened, however, that this was the "ladies' withdrawing room," and no sooner had he closed his eyes than a pair of blooming damsels came in and began adjusting their disordered ringlets, the dim light of the old tallow candle not disclosing the tenant of the bed. The girls had tongues (like the rest of their sex,) which ran in this wise:

"What a nice dance we're having! Have you heard anybody say anything about me, Jane?"

"Law, yes, Sally. Jim Brown says he never saw you look so handsome as you do to-night. Have you heard anybody say anything about me?"

"About you! Why, yes. I heard Joe Flint tell Sam Jones that you was the prettiest dressed girl in the room."

Whereupon the dear things chuckled, and "fixed up" a little more, and made off toward the ball-room. They had hardly reached the door when our half-conscious friend raised himself on his elbow, and quite intelligibly, though slowly, inquired:

"Have you heard anybody say anything 'bout me gals?"

## Gen. Grant at Billiards.

John Russell Young in his Indian letters to the *New York Herald* pays tribute to Gen. Grant's skill as a billiardist. He says: "The Maharajah, as I have said, plays billiards when he is not at prayers. He was anxious to have a game with the general. I am not enough of a billiard-player to do justice to this game. I can never remember whether the red ball counts or not when you pocket it. The general played in an indiscriminate, promiscuous manner, and made some wonderful shots in the way of missing balls he intended to strike. Mr. Borie, whose interest in the general's fortune extends to billiards began to deplore those eccentric experiments, when the general said he had not played billiards for thirty years. The Maharajah tried to lose the game, and said to one of his attendants that he was anxious to show the general that delicate mark of hospitality. But I cannot imagine a more difficult task than for one in full practice at billiards to lose a game to Gen. Grant. The game ended. His Highness winning by more points than I am willing to print for the gratification of the General's enemies."

## A Nineteenth Century Miracle.

Petersburg, Va., May 30.—One of the strangest and most remarkable cures that the people of Petersburg has ever witnessed was that which took place at a colored baptizing in this city on Sunday afternoon. During the evening fifty-four candidates were immersed, one of whom was a deaf and dumb mute named Barnwell Lancaster, about 21 years of age, who is quite highly educated, having received his schooling at the college for the deaf and dumb in Providence, R. I. After being baptized by the officiating minister, Rev. Henry Williams, pastor of the Gillfield Baptist Church in this city, the mute returned from the water cured of his infirmities and gave vent to his feelings by a lusty shout of "Thank God," when he was again taken deaf and dumb. To say that the spectators were considerably amazed would but feebly express it, and no little consternation was occasioned among the large crowd at the miraculous cure which was to last but a few minutes.

A colored baby fell from an attic window the other day, and the mother tells the story thus: "Dere day child was coming down feet first eyeing chance of being killed, when de Lawd, he turned him over, de chile struck on his head, and dere wasn't so much as a button flew off."

## THE SITUATION.

OUR CONGRESSMEN ON THE APPROPRIATION BILL.

"The Democrats in Congress are reluctant to accept the fact that while they constitute less than two-thirds of both houses there is no constitutional way of overriding the objections of the Executive to any proposed legislation. They tried coercion and have failed. They are now hesitating between a frank acceptance of the situation and ingenious dodges for compelling the President to sign bills that he does not like. The wiser leaders, especially those from the South, advise the manlier course. Both of the South Carolina Senators occupy this honorable position. Some of the Representatives from that State are equally sensible."

"Mr. Evans has for some time been quite pronounced in advising that the appropriation bills be passed without any qualifications or limitations. Mr. Richardson has said to the Washington correspondent of the *Herald*: 'We have done all that the constitution and laws of the United States invest us with power to do. To do more, or attempt to do more, would lay the party open to the charge of being willing to injure or destroy one of the branches of the government to effect in an irregular way that which the constitution seems to recognize as the right of the people, and only of the people, to do. I am, therefore, for leaving it to the people to say whether they will now enable the Democratic party to effect the abolition of the use of troops and United States marshals at elections. It is clearly now their time to act. We have exhausted our clearly defined constitutional remedies, and to do more is to invade the province of the people themselves. I think, therefore, we should not leave here without passing the appropriation bills pure and simple.' Mr. Tilman favors the same policy. So that three, at least, of the Representatives of South Carolina in the House condemn the policy of the Democratic caucus. With such a defection the extremists can hardly hope to accomplish, by insisting on further efforts to overcome the President's objections, what has not been attained while the party in Congress was united."—*New York Mail.*

In commenting on the above, the Columbia Register says: "How far this masculine stalwart reports the facts of the case, and properly states the positions of our representatives, we are not prepared to say. These views are those expressed before the report of the advisory committees of the two Houses were made; and we take it there is not that 'break in the line' after all which so much delectates the stalwart backers of Hayes and his bayonet policy. Our representatives, as we apprehend it, simply refuse to go to the extreme of withholding supplies in the event of Mr. Hayes refusing to reach an accommodation with the majority of the two Houses. The recognize the fact that President Hayes pledges himself in his message not to use the troops at the polls, and, further, that the immediate exigency is not such as to demand the extraordinary exercise of a power which appertains to Congress in granting appropriations; and, still further, that if President Hayes chooses to persist in the exercise of his veto on the line of his party policy, however grossly he abuses his trust, there is no competent way to reach him but by an appeal to the people, and this our representatives are ready at once to make, after reaching the veto on all the contemplated measures for the repeal of obnoxious laws. They would then advocate the necessary appropriation in such a shape as to meet the executive approval, in order that the army and departments of the civil government of the country should not be left without the necessary appropriations, because the two parties of the country could not reach an agreement between themselves in the premises, and the Federal Executive chose to occupy a strictly partisan stand-point and refused to accommodate himself to the situation. Our representatives may think a hearty acceptance of the situation, as it arises under the constitutional adjustment of the powers of the governmental departments which are uncontrollable by Congress, would give Democracy a better send off than to fight all around Robin Hood's barn to come back to the same point in the situation in the end."

Whatever be the positions or views of our representatives, they may rest assured they have the most complete confidence of their constituents. We know they are honest men, and will act unselfishly and squarely throughout this political tussle, and if they err at all, we know it will be on the line of fearlessly standing by, what they esteem, the requirements of the constitution at any cost."

to come back to the same point in the situation in the end.

Whatever be the positions or views of our representatives, they may rest assured they have the most complete confidence of their constituents. We know they are honest men, and will act unselfishly and squarely throughout this political tussle, and if they err at all, we know it will be on the line of fearlessly standing by, what they esteem, the requirements of the constitution at any cost."

## The Wickedest Book Agent.

A clever fellow, an expert in the calling, rang the door bell, and soon the lady of the house was before him. Said he, "Will you be kind enough to take this book and give it—?" "I guess not to-day, sir," said she, closing the door. "But, madam, you don't understand. I only want you to give it—!" "I cannot possibly, to-day, sir; I am very busy." "Why, my dear madam, the folks in the next house are away; won't you please hand it them when they return? It's a valuable work, and you will save me many steps and also oblige the lady very much." "Oh! certainly sir; excuse—I thought—you see we have so many—!" "I see, madam; don't fret yourself, but can I further trouble you for a pencil to write the address on the book?" "Most certainly, sir," she said, throwing the door open, "walk in. I hope, sir, you will excuse my mistake." "I will, but I can't help feeling hurt," said he, huskily; "but the lady is anxious to get it, and no wonder; just see the engravings—only \$7. Shall I not add your name to the list?" She was powerless; he got it.—*Boston Journal.*

## Men Wanted.

The great want of this age is men. Men who are not for sale. Men who are honest, sound from centre to circumference, true to the heart's core. Men who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, in themselves as well as others. Men whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole. Men who will stand for the right if the heavens totter and the earth reels. Men who can tell the truth, and look the world and the devil right in the eye. Men that neither brag nor run. Men that neither flag nor flinch. Men who can have courage without shouting to it. Men in whom the courage of everlasting life runs still, deep and strong. Men who do not cry nor cause their voices to be heard on the streets; but who will not fail nor be discouraged till judgment be set on the earth. Men who know their message and tell it. Men who know their places and fill them. Men who know their own business. Men who will not lie. Men who are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor. Men who are willing to eat what they have earned and wear what they have paid for.

## A Dastardly Lover.

Young ladies who think proper to correspond with rejected lovers would perhaps do well to take a hint from the following curious case, which is, however, authentic. Mlle. Felicie Maxy, who lives on the farm of Pentote, on the Belgian frontier of France, was on the point of being married, when she received a letter from an old suitor asking her to reconsider the matter, and send him an immediate reply. A postage stamp was gallantly inclosed to defray the cost of transmission. The answer duly written, Mlle. Maxy applied the stamp to her fair lips; but hardly had she done so when she felt a sharp pain in her tongue, and in less than no time that interesting member became horribly elongated and inflamed and covered with noisome sores. The disconsolate one, Alfred Camin by name, a farmer at Pichon, in the Nord, has been arrested, but he declares that he used no noxious drugs, but simply moistened a corner of the stamp with his own lips—a delicate way of stealing a kiss. Such is the state of the case as it stands at present, but the tale carries its own moral.

Some unknown philosopher observes: "A little girl who can put on a square patch may not be so accomplished as one who can work a green worsted dog, on a yellow ground, but she is of far more value in the community."

## Stick to the Farm.

In the long lists of business houses and lots advertised for sale for taxes, which we find among our exchanges, none of them are owned by farmers. Very recently while some men have made money speculating in cotton, a large number have lost it in the same way. If true to himself and his farm the owner of that farm in the long run is about as happy, lives as comfortably and has about as little to annoy and try him as a man can have at any other business. The successful merchant of Atlanta brings skill, forethought, energy, economy and judgment to his business. Now, farmer, you do the same. There is no royal road to learning; there are no crowns without thorns—in fact there are various old sayings and adages that may be applied to farming. Be true to your farm, give it your time and attention. Get you some agricultural books and papers and read them, and if you find in them new ideas and new methods which seem reasonable, try them. Plant cotton not only to make all you can at as little expense as possible, but so cultivate and handle it as to put a desirable article in market. As of cotton so let it be of corn, wheat, oats, in fact of all you grow or raise. You cannot make a fortune on a farm in one or two seasons, but persistent labor on that farm will bring a sure reward. The foundation of our national wealth and strength is agriculture, and it will liberally support that man who will engage in it properly.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## How to Get Along.

Don't stop to tell stories in business hours.

If you have a place of business, be found there when you are wanted.

No man can get rich by sitting around doors or saloons.

Never "fool" in business hours.

Have order, system, regularity and promptness.

Do not meddle with business of which you know nothing.

Do not kick every one in your path.

More miles can be made in one day by going steadily than by stopping.

Pay as you go.

A man of honor respects his word as he does his bond.

Help others when you can, but never give what you can not afford to, simply because it is fashionable.

Learn to say no. No necessity of snapping it out dog fashion, but say it firmly and respectfully.

Learn to think and act for yourself.

Keep ahead, rather than behind, the times.

Young men, cut this out, and if there is any folly in the argument let us know.

## The Female Heart.

The female heart may be compared to a garden which, when cultivated, presents a succession of fruits and flowers to regale the soul and delight the eye; but when neglected, producing a crop of the most noxious weeds, large and flourishing, because their growth is in proportion to the warmth and richness of the soil from which they sprang. Then let this ground be faithfully cultivated; let the mind of the young and lovely female be stored with useful knowledge, and the influence of women, though undiminished in power, will be like the diamond of the desert, sparkling and pure, whether surrounded by the sands of desolation, forgotten and unknown, or pouring its refreshing stream through every avenue of the social and moral fabric.

A lady riding in a car on the New York Central Railroad was disturbed in her reading by the conversation of two gentlemen occupying the seat just before her. One of them seemed to be a student of some college on his way home for a vacation. He used much profane language, greatly to the annoyance of the lady. She thought she would rebuke him, and, on begging pardon for interrupting them, asked the young student if he had studied the languages. "Yes, madam, I have mastered the languages quite well." "Do you read and speak Hebrew?" "Quite fluently." "Will you be so kind as to do me a small favor?" "With great pleasure. I am at your service." "Will you be so kind as to do your swearing in Hebrew?" We may well suppose that the lady was not annoyed any more by the ungentlemanly language of this would-be-gentleman.

## HONEST LABOR.

NECESSITY OF TEACHING THE YOUNG TO LOOK UPON LABOR AS WORTHY THEIR ATTENTION.

A contemporary referring to the "good old times," says it was then the first care of parents to have their sons instructed in something useful, and which could be turned to profit in case of necessity—and it would have been well for mankind had the same care been observed to the present time—it would have given more real independence, less hazardous speculation and fewer failures than under the present system—to say nothing of the increased vice and immorality introduced by idleness and pride. We may reform our constitution and change our laws, but it will all be to no good purpose, until society shall be so constituted that honest labor shall not be deemed a reproach. But this can never occur until those who are taught mechanical branches of business shall learn to place a proper estimate upon education and be resolved to take their proper places in society. There are few mechanics who cannot obtain education by industry and application. The determination is all that is wanted. Until they take the steps necessary to place themselves upon an intellectual equality with others, they must expect to be regarded and treated as inferior in station, and ineligible to serve in the various offices which they assist to confer upon others. We can see no reason why a carpenter or bricklayer, or other mechanic, should not become a congressional representative as well as the professional man if he be as well qualified. And why should he not be thus qualified? Will he admit that there exists a natural incapacity on his part to acquire information, or that he is physically inferior? These would be false and degrading admissions. Will he, then, plead the want of time in extension of his ignorance? This would be an unnecessary plea; for, generally speaking, more time is wantonly idled away than would suffice to acquire a liberal education. It is not, then, the want of time, but the want of disposition. He dislikes the labor which will be required to become educated, and sits down self-satisfied in ignorance, rather than use the necessary exertion to cultivate his mind. In this country poverty and humble birth are no obstacles in the way of worth and talents. As in Rome, Cincinnati was called from his plow to the supreme power, so in America the humblest citizen may be elevated to the highest station. And nowhere do we meet with examples more numerous and more brilliant, of men who have risen above poverty and obscurity to usefulness and an honorable name. Our whole vast continent was added to the geography of the world by the persevering efforts of an humble mariner—the great Columbus, the son of a Genoese pilot, who at one time of his melancholy career was reduced to beg his bread at the doors of the convents in Spain. The story of the poor boy Franklin, cannot be too often repeated. Gen. Greene left his blacksmith furnace to command an army in the Revolution. He was the chosen friend of Washington, and next to him, perhaps, the military leader who stood highest in the confidence of his country. West, the famous painter, was too poor at the beginning of his career to purchase canvas and colors; and he rose eventually to be president of the Royal Academy of London. Secretary Knox, the friend and companion of Washington, was a book binder. Roger Sherman, one of the soundest statesmen and most eloquent orators, and one of the most distinguished five to whom was intrusted the high honor of preparing the Declaration of Independence, was a shoemaker, and President Johnson, a tailor; Gesner, the Swiss, was a poet, a painter and engraver, and a bookseller. Richardson was a printer, and wrote Pamela, which gave him fame, after he was fifty years of age. George Lillo was a jeweler, in London. Do not be alternately a horse factor and maker of bricks. Robert Burns was a farm laborer. Ben Johnson was a bricklayer.

We regret to learn that the Rev. Mr. Moss, of this county, is suffering from the effects of a dog-bite and is not expected to live. It is supposed that he was bitten some weeks ago by a mad-dog.—*Shelby, N. C. Aurora.*